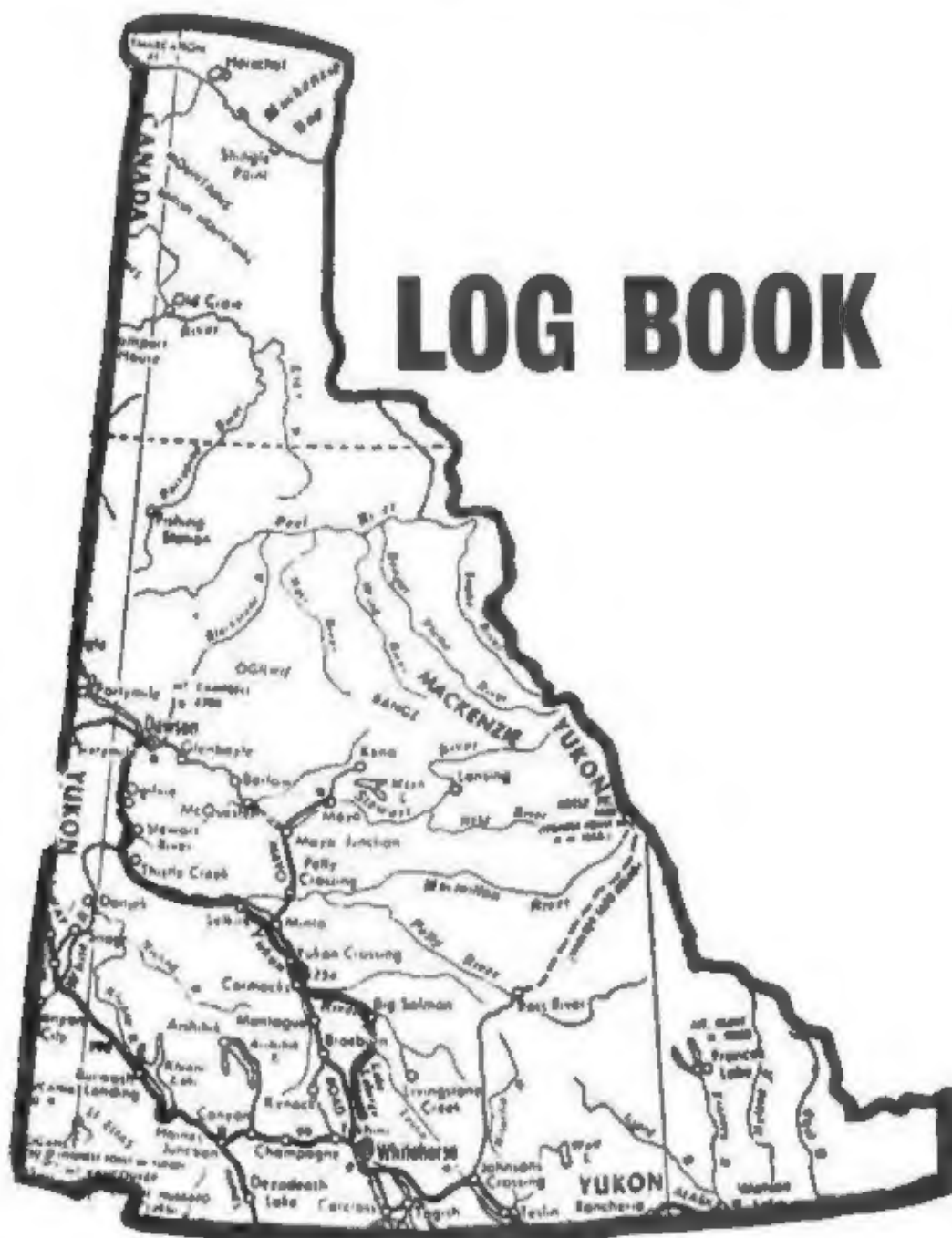


1867 | 1967

YUKON

FLOTTILLA

AUGUST 1967



YUKON TERRITORY, CANADA



THE YUKON FLOTILLA

Chairman	Mr. Derek Irons
Vice-Chairman	Mr. John Keating
Treasurer	Mrs. Doris Summers
Entertainment	Mrs. Nora Corbett
Flotilla Services	Mr. Barrie Fee
River Master	Mr. G.I. Cameron
Safety Officer	Mr. Bill Hall
Technical Officer	Sgt. R. Fendrick
Whitehorse Co-ordinator	Miss Leslie Kynman

DIRECTORS

Mr. John Summers	Mrs. Irene Irons
Dr. Clay Pugh	Mr. Keith Johnson
Mr. Geoff Bidlake	

Commodore "Yukon Bud" Fisher

ADVANCE PARTY

Mr. G.I. Cameron	Mr. M. Evans
F/L A.E. Kennedy	Cpl. J. Hayes
Cpl. F. Sibiński	Cpl. C. Meyers
Cpl. R. Kirwan	LAC B. Sills

R.C.M.P.

S/Sgt. W.J. Henderson	Cpl. C.B. Alexander
Cst. F.A. Dunn	Cst. H.L. Day

OFFICE

Mrs. Louis Keating	Mr. Jeremy Irons
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THE SPELL OF THE YUKON

by Robert Service

I wanted the gold, and I sought it;
I scrabbled and mucked like a slave.
Was it famine or scurvy - I fought it;
I hurled my youth into a grave.
I wanted the gold, and I got it -
Came out with a fortune last fall, -
Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,
And somehow the gold isn't all.

No! There's the land. (Have you seen it?)
It's the cussedest land that I know,
From the big, dizzy mountains that screen it
To the deep, deathlike valleys below.
Some say God was tired when He made it;
Some say it's a fine land to shun;
Maybe; but there's some as would trade it
For no land on earth - and I'm one.

You come to get rich (damned good reason);
You feel like an exile at first;
You hate it like hell for a season,
And then you are worse than the worst.
It grips you like some kinds of sinning;
It twists you from foe to a friend;
It seems it's been since the beginning
It seems it will be to the end.

I've stood in some mighty-mouthed hollow
That's plumbfull of hush to the brim;
I've watched the big, husky sun wallow
In crimson and gold, and grow dim,
Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming;
And the stars tumbled out, neck and crop;
And I've thought that I surely was dreaming,
With the peace o' the world piled on top.

The summer - no sweeter was ever;
The sunshiny woods all athrill;;
The grayling aleap in the river,
The bighorn asleep on the hill.
The strong life that never knows harness;
The wilds where the caribou call;
The freshness, the freedom, the farness -
O God! how I'm stuck on it all.

The winter! the brightness that blinds you,
The white land locked tight as a drum,
The cold fear that follows and finds you,
The silence that bludgeons you dumb.
The snows that are older than history,
The woods where the weird shadows slant;
The stillness, the moonlight, the mystery,
I've bade 'em good-by - but I can't.

There's a land where the mountains are nameless,
And the rivers all run God only knows where;
There are lives that are erring and aimless,
And deaths that just hang by a hair;
There are hardships that nobody reckons;
There are valleys unpeopled and still;
There's a land - oh, it beckons and beckons,
And I want to go back - and I will.

They're making my money diminish;
I'm sick of the taste of champagne.
Thank God! when I'm skinned to a finish
I'll pike to the Yukon again.
I'll fight - and you bet it's no sham-fight:
It's hell! - but I've been there before;
And it's better than this by a damsite -
So me for the Yukon once more.

There's gold, and it's haunting and haunting;
It's luring me on as of old;
Yet, it isn't the gold that I'm wanting
So much as just finding the gold.
It's the great, big, broad land 'way up yonder,
It's the forests where silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with peace.

(Acknowledgement is made to Ryerson Press of
Toronto and Dodd, Mead & Company of New York).

THE YUKON

May I extend to you, and your family, the warmest welcome and congratulations on your participation in our Centennial Flotilla. Thousands of adventurers from all over the world sailed down the Yukon River in boats, rafts and canoes on the Trail of '98 and now this armada sets forth as the 1967 Yukon River Flotilla to commemorate those Stampedeers and to relive part of their journey in search of fame and fortune.

I wish you all a pleasant and safe journey, both during the period of the Flotilla and in the coming years.



James Smith
Commissioner of Yukon Territory

The Yukon is yours to discover... the magnificent mountains and glacier-fed lakes combine to create breath-taking scenery which is equal to any in the world. The Yukon, which means "clear-waters", is a land of stimulating contrasts; here, the rolling hills of the Klondike Gold Fields... there, the glacier-scoured mountains sliced by roaring rivers. Over 500 varieties of wild flowers and shrubs carpet the valleys, turning the Land of the Midnight Sun into a photographers paradise.

Ever since the gold rush of 1898, the Yukon has been famed for its warm, friendly hospitality. This is the way of the North, hospitality is a tradition, jealously preserved in this vast country of over 207 thousand square miles and with a scant population of almost 15 thousand.

Adventure has not gone from this land and even now prospectors are walking the hills and valleys, seeking the mother lode they so earnestly believe is there waiting for them. Even today tourists can pan for gold in the fabled tributaries of the Klondike River near Dawson City. Nuggets, flakes and gold dust are still there for the ardent searchers. The land is famous for its moose, caribou, bear, Dall sheep and Stone sheep, and the fish of the lakes and rivers are as big as the stories say they are. There are mountains to climb, highways to travel and by-ways to explore, and much, much more to do, to see and to enjoy in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

THE YUKON FLOTILLA

There are very few frontiers left to us in this modern world, and most of those that still exist are beyond the opportunities and capabilities of ordinary people. The Yukon and Alaska are within the reach of everyone and it was with the thought of showing the less travelled parts of the Yukon that the Flotilla was planned. I, and the officials of the Yukon Flotilla, hope that you will all enjoy your journey, and that it will stand as one of your highlights of Canada's Centennial Year and Alaska's Centennial of the Purchase.

Derek W. Irons,
Chairman.



The Yukon River Flotilla, a Centennial project to commemorate the memory of those hardy pioneers who manned a flotilla of some 7,000 boats from Bennett to Dawson in the Spring of '98, was born in the mind of Mr. John Roach, a resident of Whitehorse, in May of 1966. The project was adopted by the Centennial Committee and is the official project of the Yukon Fish and Game Association. Shortly after these initial steps were completed, John Roach, through ill health, was forced to drop out of active participation in the Flotilla and this able beginning was carried on by the then Vice-Chairman, now Chairman of the Flotilla, Mr. Derek Irons.

With the acceptance by the Alaska Centennial Commission of the Flotilla as a joint Yukon-Alaska project, the broad groundwork was laid and the meetings began. Formal meetings, informal meetings, two people and twenty people, problems were brought up and problems were solved, crises arose and were cared for, visits were made to Alaska and to other Yukon communities, and gradually the outlines of a Flotilla began to take shape. Enquiries were received from all over North America and even one from Hawaii. Men who had run the river from 1906 up to the present day expressed interest, registrations began to come in until what had been one man's idea became a chance of fulfillment of a dream for many.

THE TRAIL OF '98



THE CHILKOOT PASS

Over the Chilkoot and White Passes they came by the thousands, and before they could enter Canada from Alaska they had to pass the control points established by the North West Mounted Police. That meant up to a ton of supplies for each man, and so back down the pass again for the next load. An endless line of men climbed the passes time and time again and when they finally completed freighting their supplies they had hardly begun the inland trek to their goal. These were the members of the most famous gold rush in history and their goal was Dawson in the heart of the Klondike.

When word reached the outside on 25th July of 1897, by way

of the successful miners who landed at Seattle and San Francisco, of the strike on Rabbit Creek (renamed as Bonanza Creek) by Tagish Charlie, George Carmacks and Skookum Jim, gold-seekers by the thousand booked passage on any vessel available and headed north for the gold fields. From all walks of life, with not one in ten that knew one end of a pick from the other, they poured into Skagway and over the passes towards the end of the rainbow. There were some horses, but horses cannot stand the rigours and privations under which man can survive and the horses died, and so they fought their way on foot. But the lakes changed that, the lakes and the river, for the lakes lead to the river and the river leads to Dawson. So, at the head of Lake Bennett the flow of men stopped and waited. While they waited they rebuilt boats, like the three stern-wheel steamers that were packed over the passes in pieces and then re-assembled, or - more generally - they built boats out of any material at hand. Some were rafts and few were good examples of boats, but at least they held the promise of floating and that was all that was required. Time dragged slowly as winter loosed its hold, but at last on 29th May the ice began to move and on June 1st, 1898, the flotilla began to move down the lakes and once more the rush was on. There were 800 boats in the first departures, and by the end of the summer this had grown to a total of over seven thousand. Down through Lake Bennett, past Caribou Crossing - now Carcross - through Tagish and Marsh Lakes, down the Lewes River, through Miles Canyon and on to Lake LeBarge and down the Yukon River to Dawson. Many foundered, but many more made it and joined the mass of humanity dedicated to scrabbling for gold, whether it came from the ground or from those who got it from the ground.

All that was sixty nine years ago and this year, the year of Canada's Centennial of Confederation and the year of Alaska's Centennial of the Purchase, clerks, tradesmen, office workers and people from all walks of life will relive part of that trail and follow the route from Whitehorse to Dawson City down the Yukon River. The Whitehorse Rapids dam has tamed the river to a great extent, and starting below Miles Canyon reduces the hazards to the point that the present day ventures will be more intent on appreciation of the country than on survival. But it is through the same rugged country that they will travel seeing the same places - so little changed except by disuse - that the original stampedeers passed in their rush to the lure of the Klondike. The lure is still gold, but this time it is the lure of the gold of history, the precious metal of friendship, the discovery of a great and beautiful country. Many will drift on the five to six mile an hour current, with their motor off, and they will realize that it is still possible to find quiet and solitude in this world of bustle. If they feel like it, they will draw into the bank near some stream and try their luck - or skill - at a bit of fishing, and that night they will have fish cooked as it should be cooked - in the open under a friendly sky. There will be pre-selected camp stops each night and during the day the traveller will see, and maybe stop to explore, places with such names as Big Salmon, Yukon Crossing, Fort Selkirk, Stewart River, 60 Mile River and finally, the City of Gold, Dawson City. Perhaps most of all the members of the Flotilla will wonder. They will wonder where the person is now who planted that beautiful garden, now over-grown with fireweed and the forest; how a man can have

the ambition to clear and plant a farm in this wilderness; how the namer of Ballarat Creek came to be so far from Australia; and - possibly most of all - why anyone would choose city life with so much beauty out here.

THE YUKON FISH & GAME ASSOCIATION

The Yukon Fish and Game Association was formed in the fall of 1945 and so has been active, mainly in the Whitehorse area, for the past twenty-two years. The formation of the Association was first suggested to the writer by Mr. R.E. (Gene) Garrow, who was stationed in Whitehorse with his family during the war years. Being a keen conservationist, Gene had been appointed by Ducks Unlimited of Edmonton as one of their key field men. He also had experience in training hunting dogs, and when this became known a group was soon formed and dog training classes started. Among this small group Gene Garrow sparked the idea of forming the Yukon Fish and Game Association. About a baker's dozen of us met in the Parish Hall one winter's night, and with conservation of game as our main objective, the Association was formed and I was elected its first president - a position I held for the first three years. Having a good slate of officers behind me it was not long before we became well known and supported, and we soon had around two hundred members.

During the war years and the construction of the Alaska Highway there were market hunters shooting big game and game birds and selling them to the construction camps, highway lodges and restaurants etc. One of our first recommendations to the Territorial Government Administration was the outlawing of the sale of big game meat and this was quickly made law as an amendment to the Yukon Game Ordinance.

When the Game Ordinance required revision, the then Commissioner, the late Judge J.E. Gibben, asked our Association to revise and draft a new Game Ordinance. Many hours were spent on this and when it was presented to the next Council session it was passed unanimously and became law.

During the construction of the power dam in 1958 the membership learned that no provision had been made to clear and burn off the area to be flooded, and further that no provision had been made for a fish ladder to allow migrating spawning salmon and other native fish to continue up to their spawning grounds above. The Association immediately went to work on these problems and the results were the fish ladder and the clearing and burning off, up to high water mark, of Schwatka Lake. Many fine people have been, and still are, members of the Fish and Game Association, and every lover of the great outdoors should become a member and lend his, or her support.

G. R. Bidlake.
(Charter & Life Member)

WHERE MAN LEFT HIS MARK ON THE YUKON RIVER

The Yukon River drains some 330,000 square miles of country and in this respect is the 5th largest river in the world. The early people who crossed the Bering Straits, thousands of years ago, found this river and many of them settled along its banks. In the last century the Russians built forts along what is termed the lower river, and a few crossed the passes from the Lynn canal to the headwaters. The Russians sought furs and were not interested in gold. It took the prospectors from California, the Caribou, Barkerville and New Zealand to first enter the country for the purpose of placer mining. There is evidence that they mined along the Teslin, Pelly and Stewart, and in 1887 found rich placers along the 40 Mile River and its tributaries. In 1896 George Carmacks discovered rich placer gold on Bonanza Creek, a few miles from present day Dawson City.

A million people, from all over the world, planned to come to the Yukon. A hundred thousand started and between forty and fifty thousand made it, setting forth in their flimsy boats from Lake Bennett in June 1898. After passing through Miles Canyon and the Whitehorse Rapids, they drifted down the Yukon River to Lake LeBarge. (Actually this lake is just a broad part of the Yukon). There was a North West Mounted Police Station at Upper LeBarge, to check through the stampedeers, and another at the foot of the Lake at Lower LeBarge. Eventually there was also a telegraph line at Lower LeBarge.

Some thirty miles down from Lower LeBarge was Hootalinqua where a further police post was established and later, a roadhouse and a ship yard. The old steamer "Evelyn Norcum" is still on the ways there.

At the mouth of the Big Salmon River lay the settlement of Big Salmon, which boasted a Trading Post and an Indian Village while across the river was the site of a Police post and a Telegraph Station.

Little Salmon was another Indian Village and a few of the old buildings remain, together with an Indian Cemetery. The settlement is of note because of the effect of the great world-wide 'flu epidemic in 1918-19 which wiped out almost the whole population.

Carmacks was a busy place during the gold rush, having been a trading centre on the Dalton Trail which followed the trench from Pyramid Harbour near Haines, Alaska. It was the site of a coal mining development, which still operates, and had a Police detachment, trading posts, staging posts and an Indian village. Carmacks is still a thriving community and there is a school, the R.C.M.P., a Forestry post, a Trading post and two garages. A hotel, together with a restaurant, for the benefit of travellers on the Klondike Highway, which passes through Carmacks, will also be found.

At Five Finger Rapids the river is divided into five channels, from which came the name. Dead centre in the right-hand channel is the route through this piece of water. In the days of the stern-wheelers it was necessary to winch the steamers up through these rapids. Below the rapids are traces of a cabin's foundation and a boat landing, said to have been those of George Carmacks.

Rink Rapids, about 6 miles further down stream, was a tough

place for the steamers and several were wrecked here. The channel for small boats is along the right hand bank, and this is not a bad stretch of water. DO NOT GO THROUGH THE LEFT HAND - THE OLD STEAMER-CHANNEL - IT IS VERY DANGEROUS.

Yukon Crossing was the point at which the Whitehorse-Dawson stage-coach trail crossed the Yukon river. During winter months, stages carried passengers and mail, making regular trips, crossing the river on the ice. During the season of river navigation the road was used very little, though there was a ferry installation here.

Minto is the last point at which the river is in close proximity to the Klondike Highway before the road swings to the East and the river goes to the West, at one point being about 150 miles apart. An Indian village can be seen at Minto, and a little Anglican church.

Fort Selkirk was founded by Robert Campbell as a Hudson's Bay Company post, but the Fort was destroyed by coastal Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company moved out of the Yukon and did not return to the Territory again for 86 years. During the gold rush Selkirk was a busy place and up until 1942 there was a trading post there and an Indian population, who have now moved to Pelly Crossing on the Pelly River. There are two churches, a cemetery and many small buildings. The Yukon Field Force, had their Headquarters here during the gold rush and one of the buildings is still standing. Selkirk is at the geographical centre of the Yukon Territory and was the terminus of the various railroad surveys completed in the early days and of more recent times during World War two. The only permanent residents now are Danny Roberts and his family, who care for the settlement.

At Selwyn River, once the site of an old trading post, the last great Caribou herd crossed the river in 1927. Half a million animals took ten days to swim across the river. Now they are all gone.

Isaac, Britannia and Ballerat Creeks were the sites of early day mining activity, and Coffee Creek was the site of yet another trading post. Coffee Creek was the starting point of one of the three routes to the Chisana Gold Fields in the 1913 Stampede. Enoch, a famous Medicine Man, lived in this area.

Kirkman Creek is the home of the Meloys, pioneer miners, trappers and packers, who still live here in the summer. Placer mining was discontinued here in 1966. "Old Man" Laderoute ran the Post Office here in the early days. The old roadhouse at Thistle Creek is still standing, but the placer mining has long been abandoned.

The White River, which enters from the left, is a glacial river which pours a white coloured silt into the Yukon River. There were wood camps near the mouth of the river. The White was the water route to the Chisana Gold Fields in 1913, even though it is a difficult river to navigate and is a dangerous river at high water. The Stewart River enters from the right, and is the home of the Burian family. There are many old barges in the back slough, and the area also contains an old Hudson's Bay Post, a cemetery and the remains of Jack McQuesten's Trading Post. The old road to Henderson Creek, where Jack London spent a winter, ran through here. The Burians have several boats, including the Yukon Rose, and are very interesting people who trap and trade, run the Post Office and know the river.

The landing here can be a dangerous one as the bank is steep and very swift water keeps cutting the bank out. Ogilvie was the site of the first post office in the Yukon, and is situated on the island, Ogilvie Island, at the mouth of the 60 Mile River. The 60 Mile River, like so many places in the district, got its name from the length of the journey to Fort Resolution, which was where the old timers got their supplies. There were two farms on the island where excellent crops were grown, such as potatoes, carrots, cabbages and summer vegetables - lettuce, radishes and onions, but the farms have been abandoned for many years. Large Shée-fish, a type of White fish, are found in the mouth of the 60 Mile, some going to 60 pounds.

Eight miles from Dawson, on the left hand side, lies Swede Creek where an experimental farm and a fur farm were, in the 20's. There is also a road which goes back some ten miles and then dies out.

Great Northern Pike frequent the mouth of the creek. Dawson City, the City of Gold, was the hub of the gold rush of 1898, and the goal of the stampedeers. Dawson is described following the log of the journey.

Taken all in all, man has left his mark on the Yukon River, some of the marks blending in and some of them standing out, but all of them adding their part to the history of the Yukon and the Klondike. The cleared areas and large areas of new growth are a reminder of the stern-wheelers that plied the river and which used vast quantities of wood - so much so that men earned a living just supplying the steamers with fuel. Another point of interest, not covered in the history of Dawson City, but closely allied with it, is the area above the Klondike River - which enters the Yukon River on the right hand side. Situated on the other side from Dawson, this was Klondike City - also known as Louise Town - and was famous both in legend and in the works of Robert Service as the centre of some of the more disreputable entertainment of the gold rush era.

The Flotilla landing, and the end of our journey, will be on the East bank, just below the ferry. The area, known as the old Hospital area, will be marked so that you will be able to locate it.

Alan Innes-Taylor

Reference material, for those interested in pursuing the history of the Klondike, would include "The Great River of Alaska" by Schwatka, "Klondike" by Berton, the "Klondike Official Guide, 1898", "Report on the Klondike Gold Fields" by R.G. McConnell (1905), "Wilderness of the Upper Yukon" by Sheldon, "Exploration of the Yukon and McKenzie Rivers" by R.G. McConnell (1889) and "Rivers of the Yukon" by Alan Innes-Taylor (National Historic Sites, 1965-66).

(Editors note: Alan Innes-Taylor has a history as colourful as that of the Yukon River and has been, at various times, a member of the R.C.M.P., Arctic safety advisor to several airlines, dog-master for Byrd and Staff Officer for Byrd (both at the South Pole), engaged in mapping and exploration for the Canadian Government and archivist for the Territorial Government. He is, at present, technical advisor to the Canadian exhibit at A 67 - being held at Fairbanks in honour of the Alaskan Centennial of the Purchase, having spent a year as technical advisor to the Yukon Flotilla.)

THE CITY OF WHITEHORSE

May I wish the Yukon Flotilla, and those who are taking part in the trip from Whitehorse to Dawson, every success. May the weather be kind to you so that your trip will be comfortable, enjoyable and entertaining.

The Council of the City of Whitehorse joins me in extending their best wishes for the ultimate fulfilment of all your plans.

H. FIRTH,
Mayor.



The capital of the Yukon Territory is located on the banks of the Yukon River, fifty miles North of the 60th parallel. For the majority of the stampede, the Trail of '98 led from Skagway or Dyea over the Chilkoot and White Passes and down through the lakes and the Yukon River to Dawson. The route took them past Miles Canyon and the Whitehorse Rapids and in an effort to avoid these dangers many of the gold-seekers landed at Canyon City, now gone except for a few marks and logs, and transported their outfits on the log railway to a point below the rapids. A settlement sprang up at the lower end of the rails on the east side of the river, but with the arrival of the White Pass and Yukon Route railway from Skagway on the west side of the river the settlement moved across the river. As the transfer point between the railroad and the steamers, Whitehorse became the transportation centre of the Yukon and with the arrival of the American Army personnel, in 1942, to build the Alaska Highway, the small town of a few hundred people grew to several thousand.

Incorporated in 1950, the City of Whitehorse became the Capital of the Yukon in 1953 with the transfer of the Territorial Government from Dawson City, and further growth has been evident each year as interest in the North grows. New sub-divisions have been added from time to time and the population of Greater Whitehorse is now stabilized at approximately 7,000 people. Whitehorse is served by rail, road and air, and has facilities more normally associated with the larger cities to the South, and with the upswing in mining in the North - typified by the New Imperial Copper Mines and the Clinton Creek Asbestos Mine, - there is every prospect of a continued growth.



MONDAY 7th August 1967

Depart Whitehorse.

Scheduled travel 58 miles to Lower LeBarge.

Alternative camp, in case of bad weather coming up on the lake, is on the North end of Richthofen Island.

The two sternwheelers adjacent to the Whitehorse shipyards are the Casca and Whitehorse. The steamer Klondike was also in the shipyards but has been re-sited near the Robert Campbell Bridge. The river entering the Yukon from the left 15 miles below Whitehorse is the Takhini River.

Lake LeBarge was the setting used by Robert Service for his poem "The Cremation of Sam Magee".

The island towards the west in the middle of the lake is Richthofen Island, and was used as a bombing range during the war. The northend is quite safe, but do not use the southend as it has not been proven. The old over-land trail to Dawson followed the west side of the lake and the present Dawson highway follows the same route.

TUESDAY 8th August 1967

Depart Lower LeBarge.

Scheduled travel 65 miles to Big Salmon.

30 miles below Lake LeBarge, the Yukon is joined by the Hootalinqua and this is the site of one of the old roadhouses and a N.W.M.P. post.

On Shipyard Island, just below the junction, is an old shipyard with the steamer "Evelyn Norcum", still on the ways, and further on, at a bend in the river, is the hull of the old "Klondike" which missed the channel and ran aground on a sand bar.

At Big Salmon was a telegraph station and N.W.M.P. post on the left and a trading post and Indian cabins on the right.

There is good Grayling fishing at the Big Salmon.

WEDNESDAY 9th August 1967

Depart Big Salmon.

Scheduled travel 68 miles to Carmacks.

An Indian village once stood at Little Salmon, 35 miles down stream from Big Salmon, but most of the inhabitants died of influenza in 1918-19 and a large cemetery, the Little Salmon Anglican Mission and a few decaying cabins are the only reminder of these people.

At Carmacks may be found a trading post, gas and oil, an Hotel and restaurant and an R.C.M.P. Detachment

Most general and fresh provisions can be obtained at Carmacks.

There is a coal mine, the Tantalus, about 1 1/2 miles from Carmacks, and the road through Carmacks is the Dawson, Mayo, Keno Highway.

THURSDAY 10th August 1967

Depart Carmacks.

Scheduled travel 45 miles to Yukon Crossing.

A third of a mile below Carmacks will be seen the Nordenskiöld River.

At mile 21 from Carmacks are the Five Finger Rapids, which are caused by heavy beds of coarse conglomerate, of the LeBarge series, which cross the river at that point. Follow the right hand channel and stay dead centre.

Six miles further lie Rink Rapids which have the appearance of a broad stony riffle. The small boat channel is along the right bank.

Yukon Crossing is the point where the old wagon road and overland trail crossed the Yukon River. A ferry operated in summer, though there was not much road traffic at that time of year. During the winter, the crossing was made over the river ice.

FRIDAY 11th August 1967

Depart Yukon Crossing.

Scheduled travel 40 miles to Selkirk.

7 p.m. Centennial Service of Worship.

At a point 22 miles from Yukon Crossing on the right, lies Minto, the site of an old Indian village which is still inhabited. Minto is the last point before the river and the highway go different ways, the river swinging to the west while the highway goes in a loop to the east. They do not meet again until Dawson. Selkirk was first established as a Hudson's Bay Company trading post by Robert Campbell in 1847, but the fort was destroyed by coastal Indians four years later. Selkirk was a busy place during the gold rush and until 1942 there was a trading post and an Indian population, who have now moved to Pelly Crossing, 32 miles up the Pelly River from the confluence with the Yukon above Selkirk. There are two churches, St. Joseph and St. Francis Xavier, and several other old buildings still in fairly good state. The Yukon Field Force had their Headquarters here during the gold rush.

Selkirk is the geographical centre of the Yukon Territory. The Roberts family live at Selkirk year round and care for the old site.

SATURDAY 12th August 1951

Depart Selkirk.

Scheduled travel 35 miles to Britannia Creek.

Britannia Creek was an early day placer mining site, and still has an old cabin and other signs of early activity. The mine is further back in the bush. There is good grayling-fishing here.

SUNDAY 13th August 1967

8 a.m. - Mass.

9 a.m. - Family Service.

Depart Britannia Creek.

Scheduled travel 40 miles to Kirkman Creek.

Below Britannia Creek, on the left, lies Coffee Creek where there was once a thriving farm and a trading post, signs of which still remain.

The Meloy's, early day packers, trappers and miners, live at Kirkman Creek in the summer, and their garden is famous with river travellers.

MONDAY 14th August 1967

Depart Kirkman Creek.

Scheduled travel 38 miles to Stewart River.

20 miles down from Kirkman Creek is the White River. The reason for its name is easily seen from the heavy sediment which is sufficient to colour the whole Yukon. At Stewart River will be found a museum, an old H.B.C. trading post and a Post Office run by the Burian family, who also trap, freight and tend Water Resources sites. Their daughter also writes a regular column for the Whitehorse Star.

At one time the famous Jack McQuesten had a trading post here.

TUESDAY 15th August 1967

Depart Stewart River.

Scheduled travel 22 m'les to Ogilvie - 60 mile.

Ogilvie Island lies off the mouth of the 60 Mile River and was the site of the first Post Office in the Yukon. There was also a telegraph office and two farms - long since abandoned - grew excellent crops on the island.

There are large Shee fish in the mouth of the river, and good Grayling fishing.

The 60 Mile River is named, as are several other places in the Klondike area, for its distance from Fort Reliance, established by Jack McQuester, which was once the only source of supplies.

WEDNESDAY 16 th August 1967

Depart Ogilvie - 60 mile.

Scheduled travel 49 miles to Dawson City.

A brief history of Dawson will be found on the following pages, together with a list of things to see and do whilst in Dawson.

It is the sincere hope of the Yukon Fish and Game Association that you have enjoyed your trip. Up to this point we have referred to ourselves as the Yukon Flotilla, but now that you have made the trip over this part of the Trail of '98, you and all the other participants ARE the Yukon Flotilla.

DAWSON CITY

Greetings and a Hearty Welcome to all Members of the Yukon Flotilla retracing the River Trail travelled by the early day Pioneers. It was they who built Dawson City in the days of the Gold Rush. It was a roaring, bustling town in those early days and I am certain that you will see, yet, some of the structures erected in those by-gone years. It is my earnest wish that you enjoy every minute of your stay with us and that your adventurous trip down the Mighty Yukon will be an experience long to be remembered.

V. C. MELLOR,
Mayor.

THE CITY OF GOLD

Dawson in the Klondike was a name that electrified the entire world just before the turn of the century.

Thousands of gold seekers floating down the Yukon in every conceivable water craft touched the river banks from the mouth of the Klondike River to the high rock bluffs on the Yukon a mile downstream.

One cannot imagine the utter confusion when thousands of men and women emptied their worldly possessions on the river bank, rushed ashore and set up a permanent abode on dry land after days of travel from Lake Bennett.

It was Joe Ladue, the trader, who saw that some day soon a town would be built and he immediately had a survey made and started selling lots to all comers. The town did not take his name but rather that of George M. Dawson, the Engineer.

Months later the town took form: streets, Churches, hotels, stores, warehouses, dance halls, gambling casinos, livery stables, opera houses and a hospital were built.

By 1902 the City was incorporated, and no city north of San Francisco had a more elaborate strata of society than Dawson City in the Klondike. Entertainment in the best 400 style, Paris gowns, evening clothes and the opera glass. All this beside the teeming multitude of rough miners tossing their pokes of gold on the bar and whooping it up from dawn to dark.

With all the robust life of a frontier town, isolated for over seven months a year from the rest of the world, there was always law and order thanks to the efficient Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

Like all placer gold fields the peak of production was soon reached and gradually the population dwindled to the present level.

Today there is the mixture of the old and the new. The history of the past is here for all to see and the future rests with another generation.

WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO SEE

There are many things to do and see in Dawson City, but a few of particular interest are listed below. For other information call at the Klondike Visitors Association office.

TOURS

Klondike Motor Bus Tours to the creeks and Discovery Claim. Panning included. Contact Klondike Motors at the corner of Third Avenue and Queen Street.

Yukon Queen River Tours give an interesting tour down the Yukon River past the old sternwheelers, stopping at Moosehide Indian Village, across to the fishwheel, and a stop at Sisters Island to visit the Pioneer Museum. There are four tours daily from the dock behind the S.S. Keno.

Palace Grand Theatre Tours are regularly scheduled through the famous restored theatre from 10 a.m. to 12 noon and 1 p.m. to 6 p.m., Monday through Saturday.

S.S. Keno, a sternwheeler that once plied the Yukon River has conducted tours Monday through Saturday from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

HISTORIC BUILDINGS

The Gold Room at the Bank of Commerce, on Front Street, The Yukon Hotel, at the corner of Front and Church Streets and the Commissioner's Residence are all open to the public and are all well worth a visit.

ENTERTAINMENT

Gaslight Follies at the Palace Grand Theatre is a real old-time variety show, and may be seen nightly except Mondays, at 8 p.m.

Robert Service returns daily to his little cabin under the hill to recite the poetry that brought fame and fortune to the shy young bank clerk. Daily, except Monday, at 4 p.m.

MUSEUMS

Dawson City Museum at 5th Avenue, South, in the old Administration building, is open daily from 10 a.m. to 12 noon and from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Shaw Mining Museum at Front Street and Queen Street is open daily from 10 a.m. to 12 noon, 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.

Sisters Island Museum is located on Sisters Island and is included in the Yukon Queen River Tour.

Bonanza Hotel Museum is open daily from 10 p.m. to 12 noon and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

SERVICES IN DAWSON CITY

Canada Customs upstairs in the Federal Building on 6th Avenue 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., seven days a week.

Bakery - 3rd Avenue and Duke Street daily 10:30 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Banks - Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, Front Street, and The Bank of Montreal, 2nd Avenue and Queen Street. Both banks are open Monday through Friday from 10 a.m. to 12 noon and 1 p.m. to 3 p.m., with Friday night opening from 4:30 p.m. to 6 p.m.

Barber Shop on 2nd Avenue and open during normal regular

business hours (what ever they are) 6 days a week.

Bus Service is supplied by Canadian Coachways on 3rd Ave., regular bus from the South arrives at 4:30 p.m. daily and departs for South at 9:30 a.m.

Camp Fire Permits for use throughout the Yukon may be obtained from the Fire Hall on 3rd Avenue.

CHURCHES

St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, corner of 5th Avenue and King-Street. Mass daily at 8 a.m., Sundays at 9 a.m. and 11:00 a.m.

St. Paul's Anglican Church, corner of Front and Church Street. Sunday 9 a.m. Communion, 10:30 a.m. Morning Prayer, 7:30 p.m. Evensong.

The Gospel Hall on 2nd Avenue. Sunday School and Family Bible Hour at 11:00 a.m.

Medical Services at St. Mary's Hospital on Front Street.

Fishing Licences may be obtained at the Fire Hall on 3rd.

Garages are Dawson City Motors at Princess Street and Klondike Motors at Queen and 3rd. The first is open 7 a.m. to 11 p.m., seven days a week and the other opens at 8 a.m. daily.

Gift Shops are Butterworths Store, at Queen and 2nd, Dawson Arts and Craft on Front Street and the Klondike Nugget and Ivory Shop.

Gold Panning may be arranged. Check with Info Centre.

Be sure to take a trip up to the DOME for a fine view of the entire area.

Greenhouse is situated on 5th and Adam Jahn has fresh, locally grown produce for sale.

Groceries may be obtained at Caley's Grocery on 3rd and King Street, Dawson Wholesale on 3rd and Princess Street and Northern Commercial on Queen Street.

Liquor sales are through the Government Liquor Store at 3rd and Queen Street, open 10 a.m. to 12 noon and 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

Plane Service is supplied by Great Northern Airways, on Front Street. Regular flights to Whitehorse and special charter flights.

Police and Traffic Regulations are controlled through the Royal Canadian Mounted Police located on Front Street.

Post Office is located in Federal Building and is open Monday to Friday 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. and Saturdays 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

Restaurants are the Flora Dora Restaurant, on Front Street, open daily from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. - beer and wine licence,

the Westminster Cafe at the Westminster Hotel and the Ninety-Eight Drive In on Front Street open from 10 a.m. to approximately 10 p.m. daily.

Road Information and conditions may be obtained by phoning the Department of Public Works at 3321.

HOTELS AND MOTELS

Downtown Hotel - corner of 2nd & Queen Street.

Flora Dora Hotel - Front Street.

Westminster Hotel - 3rd Avenue.

Log Cabin Autocourt - 5th Avenue South and Turner

Service Motel - across from Service's Cabin

Gold Nugget Motel - 5th Avenue.

Whitehouse Cabins - 1st Avenue North.

Ice may be purchased - check with Information Centre.

Sporting Goods and Souvenirs are obtainable at the Sports Shop at 5th and Harper Street, open 2 to 4 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m. Monday through Friday and 10 a.m. to 12 noon on Saturdays.

Telegrams and Long Distance Telephone Calls are through the Canadian National Telecommunications office at Front and King Street. Office hours are 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday and 8 a.m. to 12 noon on Saturday. A pay phone is also located in the building.

THEATRES

The Orpheum Theatre on Front Street has evening movies daily at 8 p.m. Check the billboard for features.

The Palace Grand is listed on Page 23 under Entertainment.

REGISTERED PARTICIPANTS

	1	Rev. Bishop H.H. Marsh	Whitehorse, Yukon
B	2	Mr. L. Linehan	Juneau, Alaska
A	3	Mr. E. Gilbert	Whitehorse, Yukon
M	4	Dr. G. Wagnon	Mt. Edgecumbe, Alaska
B	5	Miss J. Miene	McHenry, Illinois
E	6	Mrs. E. Post Dekker	Olympia, Washington
B	7	Mr. G. Cordes	North Vancouver, B.C.
B	8	Mr. G. Liebing	North Surrey, B.C.
H	9	Mrs. L. Schulz	Delta Junction, Alaska
M	10	Dr. R. Harrell	Anchorage, Alaska

B 11	Miss C. Gilbertson	New York, N.Y.
C 12	Mr. R. Parker	Toppenish, Washington
H 14	Mr. H. Shintaffer	Toppenish, Washington
M 15	Dr. R. Sprenger	Whitehorse, Yukon
H 16	Mr. N. Corbett	Whitehorse, Yukon
B 17	Mr. E. Parker	Bend, Oregon
B 18	Mr. H. Smith	Delta Junction, Alaska
B 19	Dr. C. Lobaugh	Juneau, Alaska
B 20	Mr. J. Manley	Sheridan, Wyoming
E 21	Mr. A. Veinott	Whitehorse, Yukon
H 22	Mr. J. Cassady	Fairbanks, Alaska
B 23	Mrs. D. Barber	Muskegon, Michigan
E 24	Mr. Q. Harris	Fairbanks, Alaska
A 25	Mr. R. Shaw	New Fane, N.Y.
B 26	Mr. D. Erwin	Anchorage, Alaska
B 27	Mr. L. Andrews	Kodiak, Alaska
B 28	Mr. W. Bakewell	Detroit, Michigan
B 29	Mr. R. Nelson	Juneau, Alaska
E 30	Mr. A. Braun	Spenard, Alaska
E 31	Mr. L. Fonnesbeck	Los Gatos, California
A 32	Mr. W. Hall	Whitehorse, Yukon
E 33	Mr. R. Whitehouse	Whitehorse, Yukon
E 34	Mr. F. Nelson	Whitehorse, Yukon
E 35	Mr. G. Shaw	Dawson City, Yukon
A 36	Mr. D. Irons	Whitehorse, Yukon
E 37	Mr. M. Evans	Whitehorse, Yukon
E 38	Mr. T. Lunsford	Anchorage, Alaska
H 39	Mr. R. Davis	Barstow, California
H 40	Mr. J. Afford	Salmon Arm, B.C.
H 41	Mr. L. Laudon	Madison, Wisconsin

E 42	Mr. N. Rausch	Anchorage, Alaska
E 43	Mr. E. Barricco	Anchorage, Alaska
E 44	Mr. J. Donchak	Anchorage, Alaska
E 45	Mrs. H. Eoff	Spennard, Alaska
E 46	Mr. G. Craig	Juneau, Alaska
B 47	Scout Troop 12	Juneau, Alaska
B 48	Scout Troop 12	Juneau, Alaska
B 49	Scout Troop 12	Juneau, Alaska
B 50	Scout Troop 12	Juneau, Alaska
E 51	Mr. J. Cote	Whitehorse, Yukon
H 52	Mr. O. McMullen	Tamarack, Idaho
A 53	Yukon "Bud" Fisher	Whitehorse, Yukon
E 54	Mr. J. Smith	Whitehorse, Yukon
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A 67	Mr. F. Belcher	State of Alaska
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Mr. B. Boutilier

Whitehorse, Yukon

PEOPLE WE MET.

NAME	ADDRESS	PHONE

PEOPLE WE MET.

NAME

ADDRESS

PHONE NO.

THE TRAIL OF NINETY EIGHT

by Robert Service

Gold! We leapt from our benches, Gold! We sprang from our stools.
Gold! We wheeled in the furrow, fired with the faith of fools.
Fearless, unfound, unfitted, far from the night and the cold,
Heard we the clarion summons, followed the master-lure ...Gold!

Men from the sands of the Sunland; men from the woods of the West;
Men from the farms and the cities, into the Northland we pressed,
Graybeards and striplings and women, good men and bad men and bold,
Leaving our homes and our loved ones, crying exultantly ...Gold!

Never was seen such an army, pitiful, futile, unfit;
Never was seen such a spirit, manifold courage and grit,
Never has been such a cohort under one banner unrolled
As surged to the ragged-edged Arctic, urged by the arch-tempter ...Gold.

"Farewell!" we cried to our dearests, little we cared for their tears,
"Farewell!" we cried to the humdrum and the yoke of the hireling years;
Just like a pack of school-boys, and the big crowd cheered us good-bye,
Never were hearts so uplifted, never were hopes so high.

The spectral shores flitted past us, and every whirl of the screw
Hurled us nearer to fortune, and ever we planned what we'd do...
Do with the gold when we got it... big, shiny nuggets like plums,
There in the sand of the river, gouging it out with our thumbs.

And one man wanted a castle, another a racing stud,
A third would cruise in a palace yacht like a red-necked prince of blood.
And so we dreamed and we vaunted, millionaires to a man,
Leaping to wealth in our visions long ere the trail began.

We landed in wind-swept Skagway. We joined the weltering mass,
Clamouring over their outfits, waiting to climb the Pass.
We tightened our girths and our pack-straps; we linked on the Human Chain
Struggling up to the summit, where every step was a pain.

Gone was the joy of our faces, grim and haggard and pale;
The heedless mirth of the shipboard was changed to the care of the trail.
We flung ourselves in the struggle, packing our grub in relays,
Step by step to the summit in the bale of the winter days.

Floundering deep in the sump-holes, stumbling out again;
Crying with cold and weakness, crazy with fear and pain,
Then from the depths of our travail, ere our spirits were broke,
Grim, tenacious and savage, the lust of the trail awoke.

"Klondike or bust!" rang the slogan, every man for his own,
Oh, how we flogged the horses, staggering skin and bone!
Oh, how we cursed their weakness, anguish they could not tell,
Breaking their hearts in our passion, lashing them on till they fell!

For grub meant gold to our thinking, and all that could walk must pack;
The sheep for the shambles stumbled, each with a load on its back;
And even the swine were burdened, and grunted and squealed and rolled,
And men went mad in the moment, huskily clamoring "Gold!"

Oh, we were brutes and devils, goaded by lust and fear!
Our eyes were strained to the summit; the weaklings dropped to the rear,
Falling in heaps by the trail-side, heart-broken, limp and wan;
But the gaps closed up in an instant, and heedless the chain went on.

Never will I forget it, there on the mountain face,
Antlike, men with their burdens, clinging in icy space;
Dogged, determined and dauntless, cruel and callous and cold,
Cursing, blaspheming, reviling, and ever that battle-cry ... "Gold!"

Thus toiled we, the army of fortune, in hunger and hope and despair,
Till glacier, mountain and forest vanished, and, radiantly fair,
There at our feet lay Lake Bennett, and down to its welcome we ran:
The trail of the land was over, the trail of the water began.

We built our boats and we launched them. Never has been such a fleet;
A packing-case for a bottom, a mackinaw for a sheet,
Shapeless, grotesque, lopsided, flimsy, makeshift and crude,
Each man after his fashion builded as best as he could.

Each man worked like a demon, as prow to rudder we raced;
The winds of the Wild cried "Hurry!" the voice of the waters, "Haste!"
We hated those driving before us; we dreaded those pressing behind;
We cursed the slow current that bore us; we prayed to the God of the wind.

Spring! and the hillsides flourished, vivid in jewelled green;
Spring! and our hearts' blood nourished envy and hatred and spleen.
Little cared we for the Spring-birth: much cared we to get on....
Stake in the Great White Channel, stake are the best be gone.

The greed of the gold possessed us; pity and love were forgot;
Covetous visions obsessed us; brother with brother fought.
Partner with partner wrangled, each one claiming his due;
Wrangled and halved their outfits, sawing their boats in two.

Thuswise we voyaged Lake Bennett, Tagish, then Windy Arm,
Sinister, savage and baleful, boding us hate and harm.
Many a scow was shattered there on that iron shore;
Many a heart was broken straining at sweep and oar.

We rowed Lake Marsh with a chorus, we drifted many a mile;
There was the canyon before us, cave-like its dark, defile;
The shores swept faster and faster; the river narrowed to wrath;
Waters that hissed disaster reared upright in our path.

Beneath us the green tumult churning, above us the cavernous gloom;
Around us, swift twisting and turning, the black, sullen walls of a tomb,
We spun like a chip in a mill-race; our hearts hammered under the test;
Then - oh, the relief on each chill face! ... we soared into sunlight and rest.

Hand sought for hand on the instant. Cried we, " Our troubles are o'er!"
Then, like a rumble of thunder, heard we a canorous roar.
Leaping and boiling and seething, saw we a cauldron afume;
There was the rage of the rapids, there was the menace of doom.

The river springs like a racer, sweeps through a gash in the rock;
Butts at the boulder-ribbed bottom, staggers and rears at the shock;
Leaps like a terrified monster, writhes in its fury and pain;
Then with the crash of a demon springs to the onset again.

Dared we that ravening terror; heard we its din in our ears;
Called on the Gods of our fathers, juggled forlorn with our fears;
Sank to our waists in its fury, tossed to the sky like a fleece;
Then, when our dread was the greatest, crashed into safety and peace.

But what of the others that followed, losing their boats by the score?
Well could we see them and hear them, strung down that desolate shore.
What of the poor souls that perished? Little of them shall be said...
On to the Golden Valley, pause not to bury the dead.

Then there were days of drifting, breezes, soft as a sigh;
Night trailed her robe of jewels over the floor of the sky.
The moonlit stream was a python, silver, sinuous, vast,
That writhed on a shroud of velvet... well, it was done at last.

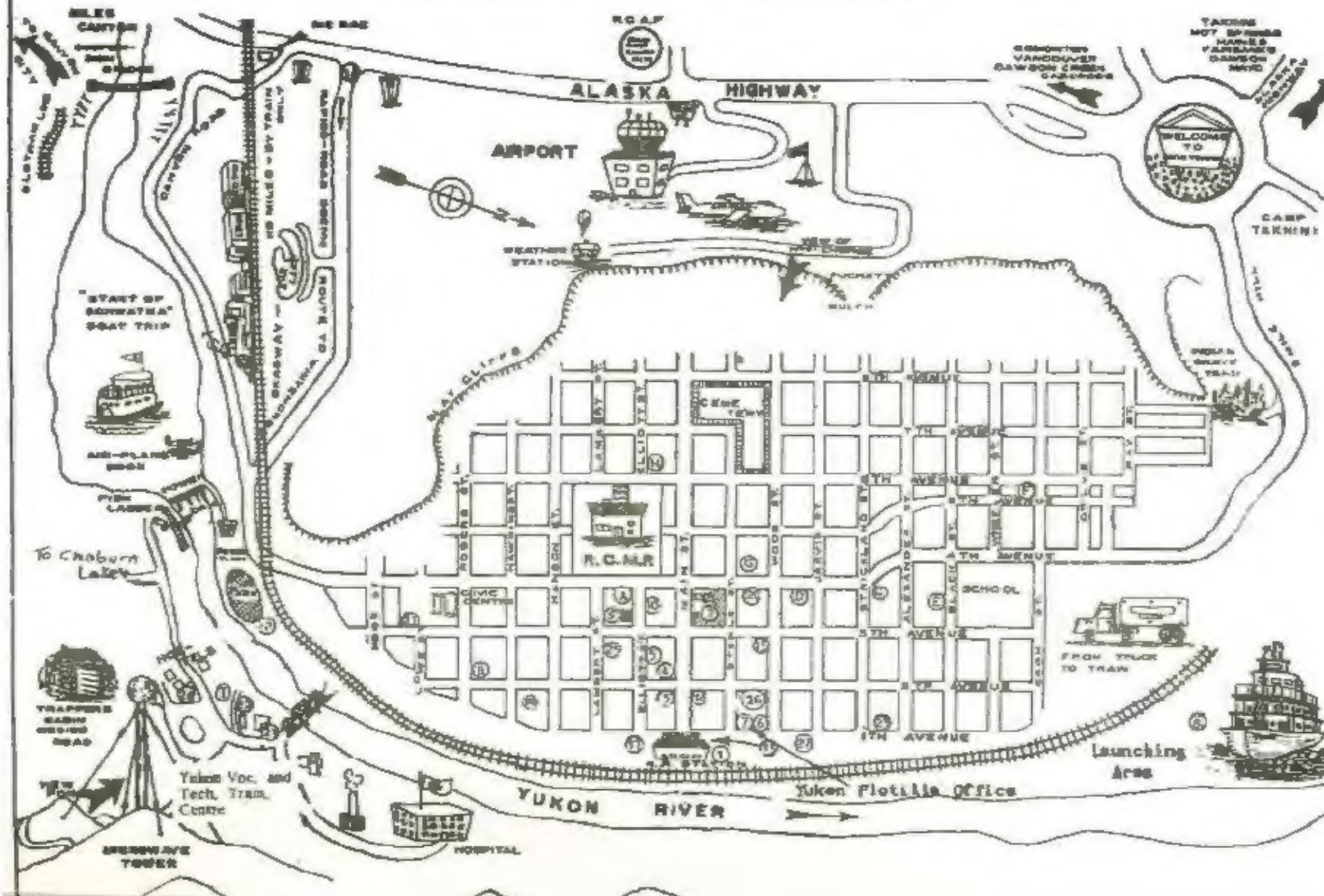
There were the tents of Dawson, there the scar of the slide;
Swiftly we poled o'er the shallows, swiftly leapt o'er the side.
Fires fringed the mouth of Bonanza; sunset gilded the dome;
The test of the trail was over -- thank God, thank God, we were Home!

* * * * *

(Acknowledgement is made to Ryerson Press of Toronto and
Dodd, Mead & Company of New York, for permission to reprint
this poem, and The Spell of The Yukon, from The Collected
Poems of Robert Service)

SCHEMATIC MAP OF WHITEHORSE

INFORMATION



1. WHITEHORSE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OFFICE (INFORMATION)
2. FEDERAL BUILDING (POST OFFICE)
3. BANK OF MONTREAL
4. CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
5. C.N. TELECOMMUNICATION BLDG
6. MACRIDE MUSEUM
7. SAM McGEY'S CABIN
8. SIBTARD (YUKON STERNWHEELERS)
9. OLD LOG CHURCH MUSEUM (ANGLICAN)
10. YUKON CHAMBER OF MINES
11. LION'S SWIMMING POOL
12. ROBERT SERVICE PARK (CAMP GROUND)
13. W.P. & Y.S. DEPOT
14. NEW ENTRANCE OF WHITEHORSE
15. BUS DEPOT
16. LIBRARY
17. C.P. AIRLINE OFFICE
18. WHEAT-ALASKA AIRLINE
19. YUKON VOCATIONAL & TECHNICAL TRAINING CENTRE
20. LAUNDROMAT
21. F.H. COLLINS SCHOOL
22. SELKIRK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
23. ANTIQUE SHOP
24. CHRIST THE KING HIGH SCHOOL
25. SKYSCRAPER
26. CITY HALL
27. YUKON INDIAN CRAFT CO., OF

CHURCHES OF WHITEHORSE

- a) CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL
The Anglican Church of Canada
- b) WHITEHORSE BAPTIST CHURCH
- c) THE LUTHERAN CHURCH
- d) CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE
- e) PENTECOSTAL ASSEMBLIES
- f) THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA
- g) ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
Sacred Heart Cathedral
- h) UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA
- i) RIVERDALE BAPTIST CHURCH

ROCK BOUNDS may enjoy a side trip to the "Copper King" and "Pueblo" Copper Mines, now deserted, which were in production about 1906. Beautiful coloured rock can be found here.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Without the unstinting co-operation and assistance of a vast number of people and organizations the problems of organizing the Yukon Flotilla would have been unsurmountable. The officers of the Flotilla would like, in particular, to express their appreciation to the following:

Alaska Centennial Commission
Alaska Travel Division
Alaska Travel Service
C.B.C. Radio, Station CFWH
Carlings Breweries
City of Dawson
City of Whitehorse
Department of Fisheries
Department of Public Works
Kiwanis International of Dawson City
Klondike Visitors' Association
Mr. Holly McDonald
Mr. "Cal" Miller
Northern Commercial Co.
Northwest Expediting & Communications Ltd.
Mr. Cy Porter
Royal Canadian Air Force
Mr. Ed. Smith
Mr. Alan Innes-Taylor
Whitehorse Ministerial Association
Whitehorse Post Office
Whitehorse Star
White Pass & Yukon Route
Yukon Centennial Committee
Yukon Daily News
Yukon Department of Engineers
Yukon Department of Travel & Publicity
Yukon Forest Service
Yukon Historical Society
Yukon Regiment